

For the YOUNG PEOPLE



The Haunted Cave

JIMMY, said Harold, "you don't belong to The Pack and it's sort of against the rules to bring outside fellows with us but I'm going to take a chance and ask you to come along. Won't you? We're going to explore that big cave on the hill back of the old quarry. They say it's haunted, you know. We Wolves intend to explore every crack and cranny of it and it'll be stacks of fun. I'd like to go first rate," said Jimmy.

"I'm not scared, of course," continued Harold, "but this business may be dangerous. I bet we'll see some excitement. You know what they say about the cave. Well, maybe you don't because you're a stranger here but it's plenty, believe me! That's one reason why I want you to come along with us. Billy McNeal's our President this month and we got to do everything he says no matter what. That's one of our rules. And Billy, though he's a peach in lots of ways, he's the reckless-feller you ever saw. He never stops for anything, much less to think. He hops right into everything. You never saw such a feller. Now, if you come along, you won't have to mind him 'cause you don't belong to The Pack."

Jimmy was very willing to go and he was much pleased to see that his cousin Harold had enough confidence in him to feel the way he did.

The Pack was to meet at the old Wilson barn that afternoon and when Jim and Harold arrived the rest of the "Wolves," four boys, were already there. They looked at Jim as if they did not know whether to object to him or not. But they all liked Harold, so perhaps that was why they let the outside boy stay.

The cave which they were to explore could be seen on the side of the thickly-wooded hill.

"It looks like a giant showing his teeth," said Harold as they trudged over the meadow.

"It must be a big one," Jim remarked.

"It is," said Billy McNeal, "and it's never been explored before that I know of."

When they reached the cave they all sat down to rest before beginning to explore. Each Wolf had brought something to eat and this "banquet" was spread out before the leader, who divided it among his followers.

"Now then," said Billy, "Roy, you were the scout this week. What did you find out about this cave?"

"She's haunted, all right," replied Roy. "There're hollow groans come out of her and old Tim Baldy said that often green brimstone lights shine out of her at night, and once he saw a shape dancing in the green brimstone light an'—"

Everybody laughed so loudly at that, that he could not go on and Eddie Powers, one of the Wolves, said: "I guess maybe old Tim's cider's getting hard."

"Well, none of us is scared," said Bill. "Come on, ye Wolves!"

"Are we all going in together?" asked Harold.

"Sure," cried Bill. "Follow me, O ye fearless Wolves!"

"B—but," faltered Roy, "old Tim says he thinks there's a wild animal living in the cave—"

The boys began to examine the ground about them for tracks. Eddie found a "curious one. Look!" he cried. "What is it?" The other's clustered around and Bill said: "A bear's track!"

After that even he did not care to go into the cave until John Faber suddenly exclaimed: "Why, it's got seven toes and there never was a seven-toed bear, that I know of!"

"Then 'tisn't a bear track," said Bill.

"It's a spook," cried Roy, who half-believed in them.

"And you call yourself a Wolf!" exclaimed the leader, reproachfully.

"Come, O ye Wolves, follow me!"

He picked up a stout club which was his sceptre of office and started boldly into the yawning cave.

"I got to mind him," whispered Harold to his cousin, "but you stay out here, Jim, and be ready if we need help."

Jimmy wondered what he could do against a full-sized Grizzly, but he nodded his head and gave Harold a reassuring thumb on the back. Then after the Pack had disappeared into the cave he began looking around for a weapon.

It happened that right over the entrance was a sort of shelf of rock on which lay a number of large boulders.

"Just the thing!" thought Jim. "I'll climb up there and if a bear or anything comes out I'll push a boulder on him."

So up he climbed and waited. He waited and waited and waited. The afternoon sun warmed and the air grew cooler. What had happened to the Pack? Jim's anxiety grew with every moment. He looked at his watch and

found it was after five. They had been gone three hours at least. Terrible thoughts flashed through his brain as he slid down from his perch and cautiously approached the cave. At the entrance he cupped his hands, filled his lungs and yelled as loud as he could. Only the echoes responded. That is, was it only echoes? Jim thought he heard a faint answering cry.

What should he do? Ought he to run for help? It would take at least

half an hour to bring someone from the nearest house even if he ran every step. Meanwhile what would happen to his friends? No, he must go after them alone. He had no weapon but remembered that fire was one thing of which all animals are afraid. He broke off several large pieces from a dead pine limb and lit one at the camp fire. Then carrying his lighted torch high in the air he stepped into the cave.

He had gone only a few steps when the cave grew lower, so low, in fact, that he had to bend double, and so narrow he hardly had room to move

with his bundle of extra torches. The smoke from his lighted torch almost suffocated him, but by its light he saw a strange sight. It was the back view of a man in overalls with something white over his head. The man was squatting on his hands and knees. "Hi, there!" yelled Jimmy, and the figure moved.

"Jim!" cried Harold's voice. "Save us!"

"I will!" replied Jim. "I'll set the feller on fire."



"You Stay Out Here, Jim, And Be Ready If We Need Help"

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saw a white thing like a ghost and he dares't move or anything. He just sat there and glared at us. Oh my! I'll get even with you old Tim! Just you wait!"

"Don't you do it!" cried old Tim. "Let's be quits an' I'll give you my old wolf skin for your club."

This satisfied them all and then Bill said:

"Jim, if it hadn't been for you we'd all been dead of fright so what shall we do to repay you?"

"Let me join the Pack," said Jim. They all gave three cheers and it was done.

RAPID CHANGE

What word which means together will, if the two middle letters change places mean apart?

Answer: United. Untied.

MR. SCARE-HIS-SON SEES A GHOST

MR. Thoughtless Scare-his-son, Used to have a lot of fun— Saying, "Now my little Thomas Will you mind me as you promise? If your manners are unruly, I am here to tell you truly.

The garbage man will have to come And pull you with him by the thumb."

Poor Thomas shivered in his boots And thought that garbage men were brutes.

Till one day little Mary Smile Was sitting with him on the style.

And Thomas told her there and then Of dreadful, big, black garbage men.

And Mary laughed because she knew That nothing he believed was true: That garbage men were good and kind As any humans you could find.

So Thomas went back home that night And made himself a perfect fright: He wrapped up in a great big sheet And looked a ghost from head to feet. When Mr. Scare-his-son came in Tom beat a pan and made a din.

He scared his father most to death. At least he took away his breath. How Mr. Scare-his-son did squeal! It taught him just how scary feelings feel.

That evening he and Thomas walked away

And as they walked they talked most gay.

And both decided they would never Scare each other ever, ever. And Thomas minds now dutifully And does his lessons beautifully.

THE DOWN-FAIRY

If you go to the woods in the early spring time, and if you have a believing heart, you shall see what you shall see." Elizabeth read the words over and over. Of course, she had read them many a time before for they were at the end of a story in her favorite fairy story book, but they never before sounded just the same as they did today.

"If you go to the woods in the early spring time, and if you have a believing heart, you shall see what you shall see."

Today was early spring time, the birds were singing over their nest building, the breeze blew soft and warm through the nursery window so that the curtains sleepily brushed against Elizabeth's hair bow and the smell of freshly dug gardens and growing things was in the air. Of course, it was spring! And as for a believing heart? Where could you find a more trusting one than that which "thump-thump" under Elizabeth's pink necktie? She believed so thoroughly that she never had, really truly, doubted fairies—though, of course, she did sometimes wish she could see just what sort of clothes they wore!

"I think I'll do it!" said Elizabeth suddenly. "who wants to stay indoors on such a day anyway. And it isn't far to the grove by the meadow.



"I Was Looking For You," Said The Fairy

maybe that will be almost like the woods in the story and I knew mother won't mind if I go there all alone. she said I might any time I liked." Elizabeth put the book away on the shelf and hurried off down stairs.

And as she went down the stairs and out of the house and through the garden and down the path toward the grove, the words of the old story book kept running through her head. "You shall see what you shall see." You shall see what you shall see. They seemed so beautifully mysterious—most anything might happen and still be true!

As she reached the grove she went more slowly, for a person never could tell what might happen, and she didn't want to miss anything—of course, not.

She passed the beech tree—nothing to see. She passed the cluster of baby oaks—everything looked just like yesterday. She passed the damp spot where the spring fountains were so thick a person could hardly step without scrunching one—but not a new thing could she see.

"Maybe you have to sit down," thought Elizabeth, "it is a little easier to see things when you're not walking." So she sat down on the suck-up roots of a great tall tree (her mother didn't like her to sit on the damp ground in spring time), and prepared to look sharply at anything that might come her way. "You shall see what you shall see," the story had promised.

Now it just happened that when Elizabeth sat down to watch, she sat facing the meadow at the edge of the grove. And that in the meadow were lots of yellow dandelions—hundreds and hundreds of golden blossoms that looked as though the sky had sprung a leak and had spilled out piles of lovely stars. Elizabeth couldn't help but see them where she sat.

"While I'm waiting to see things, I guess I'll count the dandelions," said Elizabeth. And so she set to work.

But counting dandelions in a meadow is awfully sleepy work and Elizabeth would surely have gone to sleep—only—at that very minute! a dainty little fairy, oh, so very little that he could ride on a tuft of dandelion down, slid down onto the ground right in front of Elizabeth.

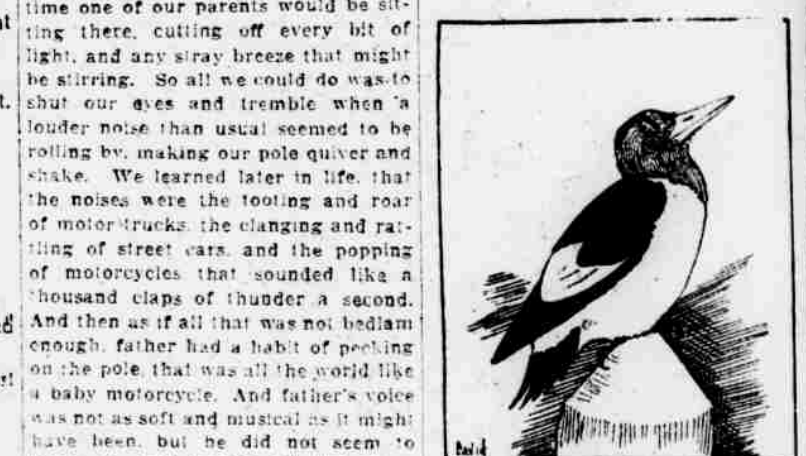
"I was looking for you," said the fairy as he stepped off the dandelion and made a bow. "I'm the Down-Fairy from Dandelionville and every spring in the early spring, I come to the edge of the woods. And if I see a friend there, a friend with a believing heart, like you, I am happy all the year. And if I don't—but then, why worry, you're here!"

Elizabeth started to answer—she wasn't a bit sleepy, not she! But the Down-Fairy was gone, just that soon. There remained only the meadow and the grove and, of course, the dandelions—hundreds and hundreds of them. But she had seen what she had seen!

And every year, Elizabeth promises herself, in the early spring, she's going to the woods so she can be sure the Down-Fairy is happy.

A QUEER PLACE FOR A HOME

THEY all call me "Red-head," but I don't mind it a bit, as all of our family have the most beautiful red heads you ever saw, and none of them are ashamed of it. But the red on our heads, is not the kind the humans speak of as "red headed," but it is the red that a scarlet geranium wears, or the flaming red that paints the lobelia blooms alongside of the brook in the meadow. But my head was not always red like it is today. When we, that is my sisters and brothers, lived down in the bottom of a deep pocket that our parents dug out in the wood of a telephone pole, our heads, as well as our bodies were covered with yellow fuzz. And we were pretty good sized children before the red began to show, and even then it was a mighty common shade of red. Why our parents ever happened to pick a telephone pole, for a place to raise a family, I am sure I don't know, particularly when there are so many other places that seem to be better fitted for the purpose. A tree in the cool, quiet woods, for instance, or a hollow limb bending over a tinkling stream, with minnows flashing in the sunlight. But our folks seemed to have a fancy for a place where things were happening, and where they would be right in the midst of things. Well, the particular pole they selected stood on the busiest corner in the town, and if things did not happen there I should like to know it. And the worst of it was, we were away down in a kind of a wooden pocket, where we could not see a thing, and could only huddle together, and wonder and wonder what the awful noises could mean. The only door was away up higher than we could reach, and half the time one of our parents would be sitting there, cutting off every bit of light, and any stray breeze that might be stirring. So all we could do was to shut our eyes and tremble when a louder noise than usual seemed to be rolling by, making our pole quiver and shake. We learned later in life, that the noises were the tooting and roar of motor-trucks, the clanging and rattling of street cars, and the popping of motorcycles that sounded like a thousand claps of thunder a second. And then as if that was not bad enough, father had a habit of peering on the pole that was all the world like a baby motorcycle. And father's voice was not as soft and musical as it might have been, but he did not seem to know it, and besides all the other sounds he kept up a continual chattering that was deafening. And the



RED-HEAD

Puzzle Corner

ARBOR DAY PUZZLE

A message for Arbor Day.
1-9-12-4-21. A flower.
1-14-8-15-17-7. A bird.
16-6-4-2-4-20. A fruit.
10-2-19-9-13. A tree.
11-16-10-5. To worry.

OMITTED VOWELS

pr. l sh. w. r. s
Br. ng. M. y. f. l. w. s
nd. pr. l. s. n
M. n. s. w. n. t. f. d. n

OUR GLASS

My first is not dull.
My second is to irritate.
My third is a consonant.
My fourth is a verb about the neck.
My fifth is an abbreviation of Camille.

My whole is a month of Spring.

ANSWERS

ARBOR DAY PUZZLE

PLAN A TREE FOR ARBOR DAY

1. Flower
2. Bird
3. Banana
4. Alder
5. Fret

OMITTED VOWELS

April showers
Bring May flowers
And April's sun
Means winter's done

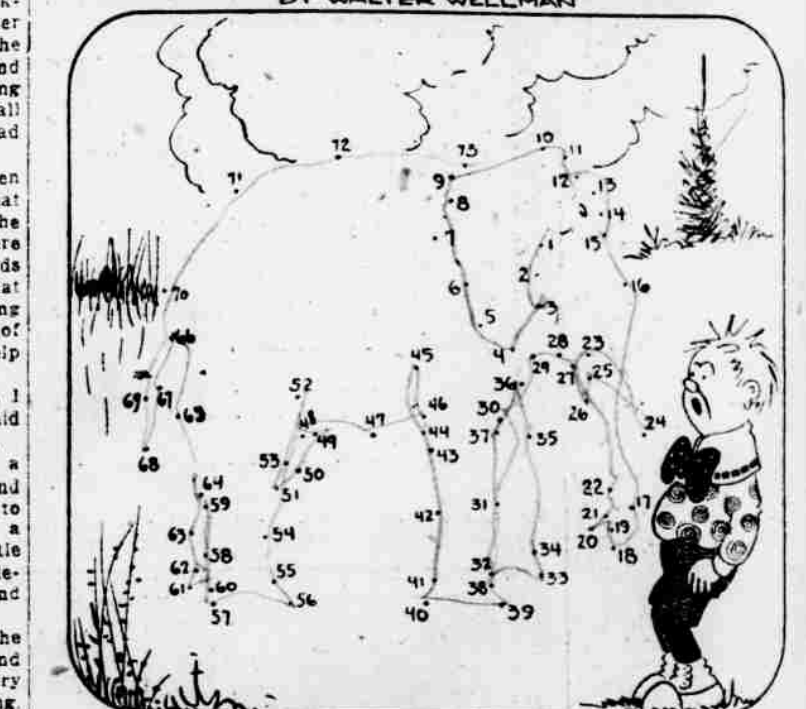
OUR GLASS

S H A R P
A P E
T L E
M F L I A

WHAT SCARED DICK—An Elm phantom

WHAT SCARED DICK?

BY WALTER WELLMAN



Starting with 1 and drawing a straight line to 2, then another to 3, etc., until you reach 73, you will find what frightened Dick.

THE JUNIOR COOK

Open one small can of shredded fish

or Shred and bone one cupful of fish left over from a previous meal.

Measure out 3 cupful of left-over or fresh mashed potatoes.

Mix fish and potatoes carefully. Use two forks or, better still, the fingers.

When well mixed mold into neat cakes about 3 inches across and 1 inch high.

Set in a cold place till needed. About 20 minutes before meal time melt 1 tablespoonful of meat drippings (bacon is best) in a frying pan.

Dip the fish cakes in flour and put in pan.

Fry till a pretty brown on both sides.

Serve at once from a hot platter.